

Two Words and Soft Lips

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Two Words and Soft Lips

by [NETHERW4RT](#)

Summary

George loves Dream's kisses. And screwing with their fans. But mostly Dream's kisses.

Notes

so i actually wrote this to celebrate my dumbass making a [twitter](#)!! follow if u want lol :)

"Well," Dream sighed and leaned back in his chair, resisting the urge to giggle at the tickling of strands of hair brushing below his chin, "great stream guys! Gotta go now though. See ya!"

"Bye stream," George's voice cut in right before Dream clicked; the latter inhaled sharply and ended the stream within the next millisecond.

There was a moment of silence as Dream pulled himself back from the desk, groaning as he craned his neck back to ease some of the pain. "George," he scolded tiredly; the palm of his hand found its way up to the back of the Brit's head and pressed him closer to Dream. "You know they're gonna go *insane* over that. You weren't supposed to be there!"

George hummed quietly and pressed his nose into the side of Dream's neck and placed soft kisses around the flesh he could reach. "You could just say it was a prank or something." He shifted

himself over Dream's lap, allowing the younger boy to pull him by the back of his thighs. "Just two straight guys messing around with their fans again, right?" He teased, leaning forward to nibble at Dream's bottom lip; the latter gave in rather quickly and pressed a few chaste kisses against George's lips.

"Right, totally," Dream responded as he leaned back for the second time, rolling his eyes at George. "But you're all mine when no one's watching."

George shuddered despite the laziness enveloping Dream's tone. "Shut up," he whispered, hands sliding upwards to twist the fabric of Dream's collar into his palms; he tugged him closer and closer until the blond was practically glued to him, finding a rhythm between the passion of their kisses. This wasn't his initial plan—he only meant to tease Dream a little and then *maybe* drag him into bed to cuddle, but now George was excited. Kissing Dream was always like that. A little fire would light in his stomach and his brain went to mush; it was embarrassing before, but the fact that he knew it made Dream feel the same way certainly did numbers on his worries.

Larger hands ghosted George's hips and his breath caught in the base of his throat. "Not now," he murmured against Dream's lips, though his own hands seemed to betray him with how they moved against Dream's chest. The younger wouldn't go any further, of course.

It was a bit of a mess to try and stand up with George pressing down on him, but somehow Dream managed to stable himself long enough to carry the Brit over to their couch and push him down into the cushions.

"Drea—"

"I won't," Dream assured him, making sure every kiss down George's neck left the boy tingling and eager for more of his touch. A hand combed through George's dark brown locks, tugging his head back the slightest bit. He dared to go as far as sucking, leaving subtle red marks across his skin; seeing George all marked up would probably get him going later, but that was future-Dream's problem. Right now he just wanted to make sure that every inch of George's skin was claimed by him.

A few small groans and grunts were dragged out of George and he attempted to tell Dream to stop because it tingled and they would end up taking it too far, but the words died before he had a chance. Dream's touch was intoxicating, like a drug he found himself addicted to—maybe that was why he always felt the need to bother and pester Dream while he was streaming or recording something with someone else. He couldn't say he was jealous of Sapnap or Bad for having to deal with Dream's antics without him, but George certainly didn't like losing any of the blond's attention.

Every day he found it easier to admit that he was much more clingy than Dream was; that said, Dream wasn't without his moments either. It was always a nice change of pace when he would come home from whatever the hell he was doing that day and his first instinct would be to collapse in George's arms and let him simply play with the strands of his hair while humming whichever song on the radio got stuck in the older boy's head that day.

"Dream," George gasped and his whole body pulled back when Dream's hand slid downwards—*too far*. He pouted and sat himself back against the arm of the couch, huffing when Dream let out something akin to a whine of frustration; he really was a brat when it came down to it. "I told you not now."

"George," Dream grumbled, leaning forward in order to drape his torso over George's figure, arms sliding underneath his back in an awkwardly-situated hug. George didn't mind. "It's not my fault

you're so sexy like that! You know how I am, Gogy, I wanna make you all mine."

The Brit blushed at the comment, slinging his arms around Dream's neck. "Keep it in your pants, babe, I'm all yours anyway."

"Yeah, yeah, and don't forget it," he teased, though in reality his chest flared with more affection and lust; he really wanted to eat him up right then and there.

Though, after a pensive and calming moment resting his head on George's chest, Dream spoke up again: "I bet we're already trending on Twitter."

George snorted, biting back an onslaught of giggles. "I don't know if it would even be a surprise if we came out at this point."

"Should we? You know."

"What?"

"Tell people about us. I mean, it's not like being bi or gay is that much of a rarity here anyway."

George blinked and took a moment to think seriously about it. "Mm, that's true, but just make it a joke for now. Like always. I want to keep you all to myself a bit longer."

Dream nodded, grinning, and decided it was fine to do just that; his eyes fluttered shut to the rhythm of George's heartbeat and he thought for a moment longer that these private moments were like his own personal heaven.

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